LOVE

IN ALL ITS

SHAPES:

OR,

The Way of a Man with a Woman.

Illuſtrated in the various Practices of the *Jeſuits* of the *Maiſon Profeſſe* at *Paris*, with divers Ladies of Quality and Faſhion, at the Court of *France*.

Vows of Celibacy ſhou'd well be weigh'd,
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in Convents made.

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MAY

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IT is now no Secret to the world, that the Order of *Jeſuits*, as it is the moſt learn'd and ſubtle, ſo it is likewiſe the moſt looſe and profligate, of all the Orders of the *Romiſh* Church. Nor is this any wonder, ſince thoſe worthy Fathers have cook'd up for themſelves a new ſyſtem of Morality, and a new and commodious Religion, that allows them Liberty of Conſcience, and free from all Reſtraints, exempts them from that troubleſome Remorſe, which generally interferes, to diſturb the Minds, and daſh the Pleaſures of more ſcrupulous Sinners. To ſalve appearances is all that is requir'd by theſe Gentry; and provided the Hyprocrites preſerve an outward ſhew of Devotion, to dazzle the eyes of the Undiſcerning; they may freely indulge themſelves in all manner of licentiouſneſs, without fear of reproof from their Superiors. Having thus premis'd, my Readers, will not be ſurpriz'd to find them, in the following Sheets, going as great Lengths and even greater, than the moſt abandon'd Libertines.

I ſhall confine myſelf in this Treatiſe, to the *Jeſuits* of the *Maiſon Profeſſe* at *Paris*; not that I ſuppoſe thoſe of other Colleges are a jot behind them in Debauchery, but becauſe the perſons, from whom I had the following diſcoveries, lived ſome time with the Fathers of that Houſe, and I would not impoſe upon the Publick, by relating any thing but what is actually fact, and may be depended upon as authentick. I ſhould have been at a loſs to which of theſe worthy Gentlemen to give the pre-eminence, had not my Author himſelf ſet me right, by aſſigning the preference to the Reverend Father *de la Rue*.

This induſtrious Father, who was not willing to bury his talent in a napkin, was one day confeſſing the Daughter of a Preſident of the *Tournelle*, who was very young, and as beautiful as an Angel. Whilſt this lovely Creature was making a ſincere Confeſſion of all her ſins, both little and great, with an admirable ſweetneſs and innocence, her exquiſite Charms ſoon kindled the moſt violent paſſion in the heart of her Confeſſor. Hereupon, looking on her tenderly, after ſhe had ended her Confeſſion, and kiſſing her little hand, whiter then ſnow, whoſe Glove ſhe had pull'd off to dry up a flood of tears which ſtream'd from her bright eyes; Beauteous Charmer, ſaid he, be not afflicted at your Sins, although they are great, for I will find means to leſſen them, and make them venial, by a Doctrine that is as yet unknown to you; nay, I will diſcharge you entirely from them, provided that - - - -

Ninon

Ninon (for ſo we ſhall call her, that being her Chriſtian Name) ſeem'd ſenſibly affected with the goodneſs of her Confeſſor, and thank'd him from the bottom of her ſoul; for as the good Girl knew as yet but very little of the world, ſhe had no thoughts of the malicious Proviſo which the crafty *Jeſuit* had made the condition of his granting her Abſolution. In ſhort, the young Maiden, finding her Conſcience eaſed of a heavy burthen, would have gone from the Confeſſional, after asking bleſſing of Father *de la Rue*; but the *Jeſuit* catching her by the arm, and ſtopping her, told her, with an amorous look, to which her Charms gave birth: You muſt not go in ſuch a hurry, Miſs, I have ſtill ſomething of importance to tell you about your Penance.

Why, what would you have more, Father, anſwered ſhe with a great deal of piety, have not you told me all? No, my lovely Child, my beauteous Angel, reply'd the *Jeſuit*, laying his mouth cloſe to her ear, I have not inform'd you what you muſt do to expiate your ſins which I have taken upon myſelf. 'Tis true, Reverend Father, anſwer'd the beauteous *Ninon* very innocently, but really I had quite forgot it. What! Child, reply'd the Father with a gallant air, have you ſuch a treacherous memory? Indeed I ſhould not be ſo forgetful if you would grant me any favour, even tho' it were the leaſt in the world. Alas! Father, what would you have me grant you, cry'd *Ninon* ſighing, I have nothing at my diſpoſal, not even at my liberty, ſince my Mother keeps me like a Slave, and deprives me of all the joys of life.

What

What you ſay, my Dear, is true, anſwer'd the Father laughing, I know part of your troubles; but nevertheleſs you have a charming Jewel whereof you are Miſtreſs, and of which you may diſpoſe at your pleaſure. What Jewel is that, Father, anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing, and apprehending it was the ring upon her finger, which the *Jeſuit* intended to demand, as a recompence for the Abſolution he had given her? 'Tis a Jewel, charming *Ninon*, ſaid the *Jeſuit*, careſſing her, which Nature has given you, and which is worth more than all the diamonds and pearls in the Univerſe; if you will make me a preſent thereof, I will abſolve you from all the mortal ſins which you ſhall ever commit, and tho' they were redder than ſcarlet, I will make them as white as alabaſter, and procure you a place in Paradiſe, near St. *Ignatius*, our good Patron, with whom I have very good intereſt. The offer you make me, Reverend Father, ſaid the lovely Maiden, interrupting him very piouſly, is very comfortable to a Sinner, who deſires nothing more than Paradiſe, but be ſo good as to explain your ſelf. Hereupon Father *de la Rue* finding that his Penitent was but a novice in Love, was greatly overjoy'd, and told her with a paſſionate air; 'tis your *Maidenhead*, my Charmer, which I demand in recompence for all that I ſhall do for you.

My *Maidenhead*, Father, anſwered *Ninon* bluſhing, and very much ſurprized; my Mother tells me every day, that I muſt never part with that before I am marry'd, and that a Man finds it out immediately when one has made ſuch a ſlip: Good, that is a fine ſtory, anſwered the *Jeſuit* ſighing,

ſighing, your Mother perhaps did not follow that rule her ſelf which ſhe preſcribes to you; 'tis the only way in the world to make uſe of our youthful days, and enjoy them whilſt we have them: Beſides, we have an admirable Doctrine, which will exempt you from what you ſo much apprehend.

O Dear, what is that Father, anſwer'd the curious Maiden? Lud! how I long to know it! We don't reveal it to every body Child, reply'd the *Jeſuit* with a grave air, 'tis a myſterious Secret which fills us with rapture and admiration, and is only fit for perſons of a ſublime underſtanding, and Maidens who are as engaging as your ſelf: Will you teach it me then, Reverend Father, cry'd *Ninon*, who began to reliſh her Confeſſor's amorous diſcourſe. Yes my Love, anſwered the *Jeſuit*, growing very loving, and patting her cheek, if you will grant me what I demand. Alas! Father, cry'd this charming Virgin, how your propoſal perplexes me, my Papa deſigns to marry me very ſoon to the Marquiſs *de* - - - whom he already looks upon as his Son-in-law, and if he ſhould come to find out my having committed ſuch a folly, I ſhould be undone for ever. How ſimple are you my pretty Dear, and how little credit do you give to what I ſay? anſwer'd the *Jeſuit* laughing, do you call a paſtime that gives one ſo much pleaſure a folly? Beſides, did not I tell you that I had a ſecret to prevent its being known, when a Girl has loſt her *Maidenhead*, which we call the *Doctrine* of *St. Dennis*. I will manage matters ſo that your Father, who is one of my good Friends, ſhall have you marry'd by one of the Monks of that Abbey, and tho' you

ſhould

ſhould grant the *laſt Favour* ſeveral times to all your Gallants, I would defy the moſt ſkilful to find it out.

Upon my word, dear Father, reply'd the Maiden in a ſurprize, this is an admirable art, and well worth the learning; how many poor Maidens are there who languiſh under the torments of Love, and yet who might eaſe their pains, if they knew this art, without being diſcover'd? I confeſs it, my Angel, ſaid the good *Jeſuit*, kiſſing her Hand, which he held, but it is not proper it ſhould be ſo common; *great Talents* and *myſterious Secrets* are reſerv'd for us, continued he pleaſantly, and we may ſay, without vanity, that there is no Society in the World more *knowing* than ours, or that ſearches more to the *Bottom* of *things*. We have ſublime Authors, who have been of the Order of *Jeſuits*, whence we learn our admirable *myſteries*; if you were a ſcholar, my pretty Jewel, I would ſhew you, in the writings of theſe great Men, that what I have ſaid is not without foundation.

I believe it, Father, anſwer'd *Ninon* with impatience, but let us come, if you pleaſe, to the *Doctrine* of St. *Dennis*, which pleaſes me to the heart; What! continued ſhe with an air of ſatisfaction, *keep one's Maidenhead always, and yet content one's Lover's! Oh! I am charm'd with this ſecret, and ſhall dye with longing till I know it.* As Father *de la Rue* was going to reply, he ſaw the *Father-Guardian* enter the Church, and fix his eyes upon him, wherefore he thought it was time to finiſh his Penitent's Confeſſion. Hereupon, diſmiſſing her with a tender look; Lovely *Ninon*, ſaid he, we don't perceive

perceive that we have been talking together for ſome time, and that nothing flies ſo ſwift as the moments that are conſecrated to Love; that *Argus*, who watches us, has already had his Eye upon me; be at the Sermon to-morrow in the evening, and I will tell you where to meet me, in order to confer about what you are deſirous of knowing: Farewel, I muſt go at preſent.

No ſooner had the *Jeſuit* thus ſaid, and the *Fair one* got out of Church, with her hood over her face, but the *Father-Guardian* came up to him, and told him in a ſerious tone, Brother, you have been a great while confeſſing that young Maiden. That is true, Father, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit* very gravely; ſhe is an obſtinate Sinner who finds it hard to mend her Life, and forſake her evil inclinations. The young Woman is very naughty, purſued he with a devout and mournful air, ſhe loves Coquetry as ſhe loves her life; I have laboured that point very ſtrongly, with deſign to cure her of that faſhionable failing, into which moſt Women fall now a-days, in ſpite of all the advice we give them: ſeveral *Jeſuits* coming to ſpeak with the *Father-Guardian*, prevented their further converſation, and made them part.

'Tis eaſily to be imagin'd, that Father *de la Rue*, who had made an appointment with his Pupil at the Sermon, did not fail to be there: No, he was very punctual, and paſſing by her as ſhe went out, he ſlipt a Note into her pocket and withdrew, without ſeeming to have taken any notice of her: *Ninon*, perceiving it, went to a Friend's, where ſhe read as follows.

My lovely Child, if you knew how much I long to ſee you in private, and to diſcourſe you about the Doctrine *of* St. *Dennis, which he received from nature, in a* greater *and* more extenſive Meaſure, *than other Men, to* multiply created Beings; *you would be overjoy'd, but I find it difficult to meet with ſuch a favourable opportunity as I ardently deſire. You know, my deareſt, that our Order forbids our receiving any one in our Colleges, otherwiſe I ſhould receive you with joy in my own Chamber; but ſince I am deprived of that invaluable bleſſing, meet me, my charming fair one, to-morrow in the Afternoon at my Siſter's, whom you know very well, and who has a great deal of condeſcenſion for me: I wait that precious moment, with all the impatience which you may well imagine.*

Ninon did not fail being at the place of rendezvous next Day, which was in the *Rue Truanderie*, at a Woollen-draper's, where ſhe found her *Jeſuit* more amorous than ever. The Fair one ſeeing herſelf alone with her Confeſſor; who careſs'd her tenderly, interrupted the Converſation which was not yet in its *full beauty*, to demand of the Reverend Father the entire explanation of the *Doctrine* of St. *Dennis*. My little Love, cry'd out the good *Jeſuit* in an amorous tranſport, you have this *Doctrine* very much at heart; I will let you *feel it if you will*, which he did, putting into her Hand *a thing of divers colours*, which *frighten'd* young *Ninon* at firſt. However, what with making very much of her, and what with aſſuring her that what ſhe ſaw had nothing *frightful* in it, but that, on the contrary, it was the *nobleſt part* of Man

Man, this amiable Maiden, who was not of a very untractable temper, began to *take a pleaſure* in *handling* what ſhe ſaw; inſomuch that Father *de la Rue*, who, perhaps, was not uſed to be *ſtrok'd* by ſuch a *fine*, *ſoft hand*, *died away* ſeveral times: but *Ninon* ſoon brought him entirely to himſelf, by giving him *ſome kiſſes* that were of the greateſt virtue to a *dying Lover*, after which ſhe aſk'd him with admiration; *if what ſhe held in her hand was the* Doctrine *of the great St.* Dennis? *Yes*, *my Charmer*, anſwer'd Father *de la Rue* laughing, *there it is in its full extent.* The difference there is between the *Doctrine* of that good Saint, and that of other Men, is, that Nature has given him *larger meaſure*; accordingly he has the goodneſs, in gratitude, when any one recommends herſelf devoutly to him, and is marry'd at the place where he is, to *ſwell that part of Man*, *which multiplies created Beings*, to that degree, that 'tis very ſeldom diſcover'd that a Girl has loſt her *Maidenhead*.

Ninon having thus learn'd the Reverend Father's Art, threw her ſnowy arms about his Neck, embraced him a thouſand times, and return'd him thanks for his admirable ſecret; whereupon the *Jeſuit*, finding by her languiſhing and tender air that ſhe would not be diſpleaſed at *knowing it to the bottom*, threw her upon a *little Bed*, where he taught her all its *Wonders*.

Ninon ſeem'd mighty well ſatisfied; and the Father having told her the name of every thing, with all that ſhe was to ſay or do, when ſhe came to be marry'd by one of the Monks of St. *Dennis*, was about to take his leave, after having embraced her tenderly, and aſſur'd her that her Sins ſhould

always be forgiven her, provided ſhe would love him ſincerely, and would allow him from time to time a *little Refreſhment*. But, Father, ſaid the Fair one, interrupting him, and ſtopping him, do you think that when I am marry'd, I ſhall dare to meet you, and allow you the liberties you demand: Yes, my little Angel, anſwered the Father ſmiling, of what ſhould you be afraid, of hurting your Spouſe's forehead? Piſh, that's but a trifle, added he very gravely, the Women now a-days are not ſo foolifh as to keep themſelves entirely for their Husbands. But I will, anſwered *Ninon*, burſting out into a fit of laughter, farewel, we will think of ſome means to ſee each other. *Ninon* being gone, Father *de la Rue*, having thank'd his Siſter for the condeſcenſion ſhe had for him, return'd to his Convent the moſt ſatisfy'd in the world; ruminating in his mind upon the pleaſures he had enjoy'd with his Penitent, to whom he had given, as has been ſeen, ſome very profitable inſtructions to correct the ſallies of youth, and render her diſcreet.

Some Days after, Father *Bourdalou*, who loves his pleaſure as much as any of his Brother *Jeſuits*, heard ſomething of Father *de la Rue*'s adventure; however, without taking any notice of it to him, he left him to indulge himſelf in the thoughts of it, whilſt he went in ſearch of one for himſelf, which diverted him at leaſt as much.

This famous Preacher was acquainted with a very pretty young Lady of Quality, whom he had ſeen in a Bookſeller's Shop at the *Palais*, and to whom he had made his addreſſes for ſome time

time : As this Lady was not mighty well ſatisfy'd with her Husband, ſhe ſuffer'd the *Jeſuit*, who was gallant to the laſt degree, to *puſh his point* as far as ever he cou'd carry it. One Day then as he held his Goddeſs in his Arms, and was *careſſing* her tenderly, ſhe ſaid to him, *half dying*, O Reverend Father what a difference do I find between you and --- The Fair one could ſay no more, for a *Fainting* which is very common amongſt Lovers. Father *Bourdelou*, giving her a very paſſionate look, ask'd her what ſhe was going to ſay ; What I would have ſaid, Father, anſwered the Lady with a charming air, is that my Husband does not come near you in an *amorous Engagement*. They have always preach'd to me that a Maiden ſhould never try her Gallants before ſhe is marry'd, and that it was very dangerous ; but hang it, I heartily repent it. If it were to do again I would not follow the advice my old Aunt has always given me, no more then the inſtructions ſhe ſtill gives me every Day ; charging me, whenever ſhe ſees me merry, to take care not to plant horns upon my Huſband's head, tho' he certainly deſerves it more than any Man in the world : the good Woman, purſued ſhe laughing, has forgot how ſhe ſerv'd her own ; wherefore I laugh at her troubleſome advice.

You would be very ſimple and childiſh, Madam, reply'd the Father very gravely, to mind ſuch Stories ; do you think there is any ſin in ſharing your Huſband's Bed with another ? not in the leaſt ; the learned *Suarez*, one of our Doctors, was not of this opinion : On the contrary, he ſays in his Book of correction chap. 3. verſe 10. *That our Lord did not condemn*

demn the Woman who was taken in Adultery, but that he ſaid, he amongſt you that is without ſin let him caſt the firſt ſtone at her: Go, go, you may work out your Salvation, notwithſtanding you ſhould ſhare your Heart between Heaven and the World. Beſides, our Doctrine teaches us how to come to an eaſy compoſition with Heaven, which exempts us from abundance of uneaſy reflections, that prey upon the conſciences of other Men: We are only oblig'd, in good policy, to manage our matters ſecretly, without troubling ourſelves about any thing elſe, for as for the Sin, we find none in it. Ah! Madam, added he, ſoftening his voice, *Solomon*, the wiſeſt of mankind had a hundred and fifty Wives in his Court, with whom he lay by turns, and yet he was never reproved, as I believe, for his amours, no more than King *David*, who put to Death the Huſband of the Woman he enjoy'd: In effect theſe are tranſports of the fleſh, which it is very difficult to remedy, and for which, I believe, the Author of Nature makes great allowance. That is my opinion alſo, Father, ſaid the Lady, how happy am I in meeting with an able Caſuiſt like you, who has deliver'd me from an uneaſineſs that perplexes all our Sex. I will take Advantage therefore of your inſtructions; wherefore, *ſign me the Doctrine you have taught me, this moment with your moſt ſenſible mark.* The honeſt *Jeſuit* being then in a good humour, clapt his *Seal* without Ceremony upon the *Spot* which his Miſtreſs *ſhewed him.* Thus the Day paſs'd in *ſigning what Articles the Lady pleaſed, and in putting his matters in Order.*

On the morrow, as Father *Bourdalou* was going to the Fair one *incognito*, he heard two young Coun-

Counſellors of Parliament repeating a paſquinade upon the *Jeſuits*, for having made a funeral oration in praiſe of the Duke of *Luxembourg*. Having heard the end of the Satyr, he went into the Lady's houſe, and finding her lying upon a Carpet, after the manner of the *Turks*, he ſat down by her very thoughtful, and as it were in a paſſion. The Fair one ſeeing that her *Jeſuit* held his tongue longer than ſhe would have had him, broke ſilence herſelf and ſaid; Alas! Reverend Father, what has put you ſo out of humour? let us loſe no time, I beg you. Ah, Madam, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit* with a mournful air, have a moment's patience, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd when you have heard me. Speak then quickly, Father, for - - - reply'd the Lady. who begán to ſtretch herſelf out, and hold open her Arms for him. How wanton is that! my dear Siſter, cry'd the Father, looking upon her amorouſly, but yet you ſhall give me time, by your leave, to tell my vexation, before that I - - - A prophane and ſcurrilous Satyr, continued he, counterfeiting the bigot, that I heard repeated in the Street againſt our holy Society has pierced me to the Soul, as well as a thouſand Lies which two wretches utter'd againſt the reputation of the great Duke of *Luxembourg*, who died like an Apoſtle, and was, as you know, the beſt of all the Generals that have ſerv'd in *France*.

We will examine his rare Qualities another time, ſaid the Fair one, who had no mind to be entertain'd upon that ſubject, but at preſent, Father, let me ſee yours. On my word, my lovely Siſter, ſaid the *Jeſuit* ſmiling, you are very impatient, but the Women are always impatient in Love matters; come, let us enter upon

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the matters in Hand. And the Men, dear Father, are they not impatient, anſwer'd the Lady, with a languiſhing tone? We will decide that another time, Madam let us make an end now of what we are about, ſaid the *Jeſuit*, embracing her. After that the controverſy of theſe two Lovers had been agreeably decided, the Father reaſſumed his melancholy humour, and threatened the two prophane Wretches with his Curſe, aſſuring his Goddeſs, whom he held in his Arms, after he had told her what he had heard, that he would make a very ſevere Sermon againſt them. To which the Fair one anſwer'd laughing, Reverend Father, theſe prophane Wretches and Debauchees, take up your thoughts extreamly. Yes, my dear Siſter, reply'd he mournfully, you don't know the conſequence of this Railery, and the Sin there is in ſuffering it. I agree with you, purſued the Lady, but let us baniſh melancholy which will get the better of us, you may preach theſe morals another time; you know, Father, that this Night is dedicated only to pleaſure, let us take advantage of it as much as we can; Lovers don't meet always with favourable Opportunities. Theſe words ſtung Father *Bourdaloue* to the quick, and inſpired him with freſh courage; wherefore his imagination being fired by his Miſtreſs's diſcourſe, and having ſupt magnificently, and drunk pretty plentifully of the richeſt wines, which the Fair one forc'd upon him in order to put him in a good humour, he pull'd off his Habit, and all that could make him be taken for a *Jeſuit*, and put on the night-gown of the abſent Cuckold, which was of green Velvet, with a very handſome Cap that was brought him: In this dreſs, I leave any one to imagine, how well diſpoſed our diſguis'd *Jeſuit* was for the *amorous combat*,

to

to which the *frolickſome Fair one* did not fail to invite him all the Night.

Next morning going to his Convent very well ſatisfy'd, he bent all his thoughts upon his Sermon; to which end he chooſe his text out of that ſubtle Monk *Cotton*'s Treatiſe of Penitence, chap. 40. verſe 30. where he ſays; that *they who blaſpheme againſt the holy Fathers of the Church, who are the lights of the World, and againſt their Doctrine, ſhall not enter into Paradiſe; but that the moſt dreadful puniſhments await them in Hell, without any poſſibility of their ever getting out.*

The good Father, who is a great Orator, would have made an admirable Sermon upon theſe words, if his mind had not been wholly taken up with the thoughts which his Love put into his head every moment, inſomuch that his hearers took notice of his perplexity. At laſt, being in the middle of his Diſcourſe, and not having ſlept well the night before, he began to nod a little; but ſtarting out of his ſleep on a ſudden, he cry'd out, opening his arms, and gaping; *ah Madam! my Goddeſs, how ſweet are your embraces! oh what charms are there in Love! you Gipſy, why don't you anſwer!* continued he, thinking himſelf ſtill in bed with his Miſtreſs; *Oh! I dye, I faint; where art thou? What raptures! Quick, my pretty dear, take my* Nag, *and put him into your* Stable *before he is quite* ſpent.

The whole Congregation burſt into a loud laughter in the middle of the Church; whereupon Father *le Comte*, who ſtood near him,

pull'd him ſoftly by the Robe, upon which, recovering himſelf, and perceiving his blunder; *I was miſtaken Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I meant that the holy Man from whom I have taken my Text, cou'd not bear the wicked in his ſight; let us make a right application of the holy Life of this great Saint, and ſay with him, that happy are they that work out their Salvation, night and day, with fear and trembling, Amen.*

Sermon being ended, every one went out of Church laughing and jeſting as from an Opera; and all the talk was of the extatick raptures of Father *Bourdalou*, who had been exalted to the *Empyreal Heaven* of happy Lovers, and had taſted in his Sermon ſuch *unutterable joys*, as well deſerved to be written in the Book of bleſſed intelligences. Some of the Father's enemies told it next day maliciouſly to the *Father-Guardian*, who reprimanded him ſeverely, telling him that he ought at leaſt to ſalve appearances, and not ſcandalize his Brethren, and that for the reſt he was a man as well as others.

What you ſay, Father, is admirable, cry'd *Bourdalou* interrupting him, and embracing him; O rebellious Fleſh! O propenſity to Vice! O ſenſual Pleaſures! how hard are you to be conquer'd? I will confeſs my frailty to you, my dear Father, added he, the ſame misfortune happen'd to me that befel St. *Auſtin* in the midſt of his moſt fervent Devotion. This great man being poſſeſs'd with a divine enthuſiaſm, which fill'd him with raptures, was found ſoon after in the arms of a young Beauty whom he had only ſeen as ſhe was paſſing by him: Can there be a greater fall? I know, anſwered the *Father-Guardian*

dian, that it is very great, and that Man, whatever endeavours he uſes, relapſes always into original Sin, which accompanies him to the grave; nevertheleſs we muſt reſiſt carnal temptations, and appear to the World as patterns of piety, which is what you did not do in your Sermon, wherein as I am told, you enjoy'd, in Idea, all the pleaſures that Love can yield. Who then is the Lady that was ſo much in your thoughts when you was preaching, and what is her Name? if you will make me your confidant, I'll promiſe you never to mention it to our *Superiour*, who, you know, is intolerable in matters of gallantry, and never excuſes the leaſt fault in his neighbour.

What you ſay is true, reply'd Father *Bourdalou* laughing, but how does he manage when he *feels* within himſelf any *carnal emotions* which cauſe an *Inſurrection* in the *lower Regions?* I don't know, ſaid the *Father-Guardian* ſmiling; perhaps he finds a way to ſatisfy his Paſſion at an eaſy rate, or elſe that he feeds his Love with vain hopes, as they do who build caſtles in the air: But to the point; once more, who is the Beauty that charms you ſo mightily? Since you are abſolutely reſolved to know, Father, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit*, as if forc'd, 'tis Madam *de* —— who has touch'd my heart more than any Woman in the World; ſhe is young, and ſhe is handſome, and her Huſband has not the ſenſe to ſupply all her wants.

I confeſs, this is a caſe that deſerves compaſſion, anſwered the *Father-Guardian*, taking him by the hand, and laughing, for which reaſon, Brother, you have taken her under your

care, thro' a principle of charity; let me partake with you, I beg, in your good fortune, and we will keep the ſecret, as being obliged to it on many accounts. With all my heart, Father, ſaid *Bourdalou* briſkly interrupting him, this very Night, if you pleaſe, you ſhall enjoy the ſame happineſs that renders me ſo fortunate; the Fair one does not want for appetite, you will find her alone in her chamber about ten a-clock, that being the uſual time when ſhe appoints me: But be ſo good as not to diſcover your ſelf, and to paſs for Father *Raviſſant*, that is the Name ſhe gives me, here is an Officer's ſuit of cloaths, which I told her I would put on to night, in order to be the better diſguiſed.

I muſt own, dear Brother, anſwer'd the *Father-Guardian* embracing him, that I have infinite obligations to you for ſuffering me to participate in your moſt deſirable Pleaſures; undoubtedly this Lady is a perfect Beauty, for which reaſon I am the more indebted to you. I will not pretend to draw her picture, Father, reply'd the *Jeſuit* with a politick air, 'tis ſufficient that you will ſee her, and I am aſſured that a Man of your judgment will do her juſtice, and will think me happy in having diſcover'd ſuch a *charming Labyrinth*, wherein one *loſes one's ſelf* ſo agreeably. Speak no more of it, Brother, ſaid the *Father-Guardian* with a tender air, you make my mouth water; and I don't know whether my impatience will ſuffer me to live till to night, which will ſeem an age to me.

I doubt

I doubt it not in the leaſt, anſwer'd the good *Jeſuit* maliciouſly ; is it not true that a growing paſſion is ſomething charming to a poor mortal? That ſweet uneaſineſs ! thoſe affecting thoughts, which delight the heart and the imagination, and deſtroy the uſe of reaſon ! 'Tis with juſtice that a learned Author ſays, *Love never hearken'd to any Reaſon.* But in deſcribing it, continued he with a paſſionate tone, I did not perceive that this *conqueror of the univerſe* has *put life into* ſomething under my Gown, *which begins to grow troubleſome.* I muſt put my *Doctrine*, purſued he, as *feeling the diſtemper increaſe* upon him, into a *Glaſs of Water*, to prevent its *flying in my Face* after this manner. That is the very name, rejoin'd the *Father-Guardian* ready to burſt with laughter, which Brother *de la Rue* gives to all that *multiplies created Beings*, but as to the *Water* wherein you wou'd *cool* your —— I dont believe that a very effectual remedy ; the *pretty Labyrinth* of your *beauteous Marchioneſs*, wherein you have often *loſt your ſelf with Pleaſure*, would be both much more *pleaſing*, and much more *neceſſary.* I confeſs it Father, anſwered *Bourdalou*, clapping his hand upon the *part affected* ; but one has not always one's conveniencies ready in this life, juſt when one would wiſh for them ; we muſt be contented without them at preſent, and make a virtue of neceſſity : Farewel, I muſt leave you, put the *Things* that I intruſt to your care in *good order*, to-morrow I ſhall take a *general Review* of them. I durſt lay a good wager, ſaid the *Father-Guardian* that you are bent upon ſome new adventure to night, which will divert us to-morrow. Very well, Father, anſwer'd *Bourdalou* with an

an agreeable air, you think all the World reſembles you, and that every one is as general a Lover as your ſelf, you who are at a rendezvous by night with three Beauties at once: How the deuce do you manage *to pleaſe them all?* To which of them do you give the *Golden Prize* firſt? Ah! without lying, *you muſt have a very good courage.* Talk not to me of my inconſtancy, interrupted the *Father-Guardian* coldly, it very ill becomes you; you who are the moſt changeable of mankind, and whoſe heart is always wounded with ſome dangerous ſhaft: Farewell, I muſt be gone.

Thus did theſe two Fathers part, rallying and jeſting with each other, and after dinner they went to the Royal College of *Jeſuits* to confer with the Father Rector about ſome affairs; which done, they return'd to their Convent, and the *Father-Guardian* went to prepare himſelf for the interview with the Lady. As he was going thither, don't forget for the firſt time, ſaid Father *Bourdalou*, pulling him by the Croſs that hung upon his Gown, all that I enjoin'd you when you are with the *Marchioneſs de* —— this is the *maſter-key*, purſued he pointing to *ſomewhat* under his Habit, which ſhe gave me to gain admittance to her. No, no, my dear Brother, I thank you, anſwer'd the *Father-Guardian* laughing, I will make uſe of my own; *Love is an excellent Pick-lock, it opens all Doors, be they never ſo faſt ſhut.*

The *Marchioneſs* was waiting for her Gallant in a roſe colour'd undreſs, and lying negligently upon a little Bed of white Sattin, whoſe imbroidery repreſented *Peace* crown'd with Olive

and

and Laurel Branches, and holding in her Hand an infinite number of Flowers, which iſſued from her boſom; at her feet, careſſing her, was the *God of Riches*, to whom the antient Poets ſay ſhe was nurſe. The *Father-Guardian*, who was in a very genteel diſguiſe, like an Officer, was ſurpriz'd at the beauty of the chamber, which was illuminated with ſeveral wax tapers, that made a very glorious ſight, together with the Finery of the reſt of the furniture that adorn'd it. But it was yet another thing when the Lady, brighter then a Sun, open'd her ſnowy arms, ſmoother then the poliſh'd ivory, to embrace him, and ſaid to him tenderly, taking him for her *Jeſuit* in ordinary; *Come, my dear, and lie down by me: I have been waiting for you a long while.*

The good Father was ſo charm'd with theſe ſweet words, that he was within an ace of falling to the ground in a Swoon, and had it not been for ſome *Hungary* water, wherewith he chafed his temples, he had dy'd upon the place, ſo deeply was the poor Man affected with the ſight of ſo much beauty. At laſt, having in ſome meaſure recover'd his ſenſes, he ſtopt to contemplate the incomparable charms of the Goddeſs he beheld, not being able to do any thing elſe, in the condition to which ſo many attractions at once had reduc'd him. The *Marchioneſs* being out of patience at finding him keep ſilence ſo long, aſk'd him ſeveral times, taking him by the Hand, *What! Reverend Father, are you dumb? Why don't you ſpeak? Lord? how you perplex me with this* Carthuſian *Faſhion of making Love.*

Upon

Upon this tender reproach, the *Father-Guardian*, who recover'd his Spirits whilſt the Fair one was pratling, diſguiſed his voice, and embraced her paſſionately, inſomuch that he acquitted himſelf very well, and *came off with Honour from the Field of Battle:* However this did not hinder the Lady, who was *an exquiſite judge* in *love-affairs*, from diſcovering by what he had given her to *feel*, that Father *Bourdalou's Doctrine* was worth infinitely more than *his*, and that *it* penetrated *farther*, and went *nearer* to the *Heart*, being *upheld* by *ſtronger* and *better Principles*. Nevertheleſs, ſhe would not take any notice of it to her counterfeit Officer, thro' a piece of amorous policy, and for fear of diſcovering a miſtery which ſhe was willing to keep a ſecret. She chooſe rather than to believe implicitly that it was her right lover, whom his Cavalier's dreſs had quite diſfigur'd.

Having paſs'd the Night very agreeably on his ſide, the *Jeſuit* took his leave of his Goddeſs making as if he had got a Cold. Farewel Father *Raviſſant* ſaid the *Marchioneſs* with a languiſhing air, come no more to ſee me with that Soldier's habit, you are a thouſand times better in your *Jeſuit*'s garb, which gives you a certain inexpreſſible Charm, and *adds to your courage* when you are *with a Woman*. The good Father, who was quite beſide himſelf, with the exquiſite pleaſure he had enjoy'd, made her no anſwer, but kiſſing her hand very reſpectfully went away to his Convent.

It was about four in the morning when he ſtole into the *Maiſon Profeſſe* as ſoftly as he could: Father *Bourdalou*, who had ſtood Centinel for him, had put every thing in order, that he might make no noiſe, and that the *Superiour*, who ſlept very little, might not overhear him: For, what a ſhame would it have been for the *Father-Guardian*, who ought to have ſerv'd as an example to all the holy Society, to have been caught a ſtreet-walking after midnight, like a Houſe-breaker in queſt of his prey.

The two Fathers being in bed together, began to talk of their mutual happineſs; but the *Father-Guardian* cou'd not forbear admiring, in a particular manner, the beauties of the Lady he had juſt left. This idea wak'd him out of his ſleep every moment, like one beſide himſelf, and he fell into ſuch amorous raptures as made Father *Bourdalou* laugh, whoſe tranſports are more moderate, and his love more compoſed. Yet he is the moſt dangerous Man in the World for the Women, he is nevertheleſs reckon'd a very ſevere and good Confeſſor for carnal Sins, and his rigorous diſcipline extends even to himſelf. For it has been confidently reported, that as an atonement for the blunder he committed in preaching his Sermon, he for a long time cenſur'd and chaſtis'd his *vicious Doctrine*, which had been the *Cauſe of this misfortune*; having threatned to *cut it off cloſe*, if *it* was not more *politick*, and more *diſcreet*, to *outward appearance* for the future.

However, as there ought to be bounds ſet to every thing, he took care not to let his penance

go beyond his ſtrength; accordingly, in order to *divert his melancholy*, and take a little *amorous exerciſe*, which the incomparable *Amicius*, a Doctor of the Society of *Jeſuits*, ſays, is *very good for the health*; he went again to ſee his *Marchioneſs* ſome days after the Viſit of the *Father-Guardian*, whom he left full of his amorous thoughts. To his great ſurprize, he found her very melancholy, and very penſive: Upon his aſking the Reaſon, ſhe anſwered him as it were crying, Lord! Father, how dear does what I do for you, coſt me. Although my Husband knows nothing of it, I ſuffer inconceivable torments on that account; our Conſcience is a judge within us, which accuſes us of all our Sins, and reproaches us with them night and day.

How ſimple are you, Madam, reply'd the *Jeſuit* laughing! think no more of theſe trifles, which diſorder your weak Sex to the laſt degree; you create to your ſelves monſters, for your ſelves to encounter: With what view did you what you have done for me? Through a principle of *Love* and *Charity*, did you not? At moſt then it can be but a philoſophical Sin; a very fine ſtory! Go often to Confeſſion, and I'll aſſure you I will give you indulgences enough to expiate far greater Sins. You take all upon your ſelf then, Father, anſwer'd the Lady a little more compoſed: But what do you call a philoſophical Sin? I don't yet underſtand your definition. My dear Siſter, reply'd the *Jeſuit* in a pedantick tone, a philoſophical Sin is to do evil, according to the opinion of the World, that good may come of it; for inſtance the Duke

Duke of *Luxembourg*, whom I confeſs'd at his laſt gaſp, had made a contract with the Devil, that he might have the more time to ſerve the King his Maſter; this was a good action wherein I find no capital crime.

But what then ſignifies a theological Sin, Father, ſaid the *Marchioneſs?* A theological Sin, Madam, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit*, is to ſin againſt the Deity, as the Blaſphemers do who take the name of God in vain, and the wicked who prophane it every day. We have others again which we call moral Sins, and which are only ſinning againſt the Law which *Moſes* receiv'd of the Lord on mount *Sion*. But, Reverend Father, cry'd the *Marchioneſs* ſighing, I ſin againſt the holy Law; Has not God ſaid, *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery?* 'Tis true, Madam, reply'd the *Jeſuit* peeviſhly, but the Sins of Adultery and Fornication are become ſo common, and ſo much in vogue, that they become venial: That is to ſay, habitual Sins which we commit daily, and againſt which our greateſt Doctors have not much to ſay, becauſe they are neceſſary, and for the good of Mankind.

Since you have made it appear to me after this manner, dear Father, ſaid the *Marchioneſs*, kiſſing him, that it is no Sin to love you, I will love you all my Life, without ever repenting it. But as you mention'd the Duke of *Luxembourg*, whom you confeſs'd at his Death, tell me, if 'tis true what is reported of him? Lord! I proteſt it makes me tremble. Aye, my dear Siſter! pray what do they ſay of that great General? Indeed I dare not repeat it; you

have already touch'd upon it in ſome meaſure, in ſpeaking of the contract he ſign'd with the Devil; but I have heard beſides, from one of my intimate Friends, who was likewiſe very intimate with him; that he went every Year, at his return from the Campaign, to an old Caſtle in *Normandy*, which is call'd *the Abode of* Robert *the Devil*, to return thanks to the Devil for his victories, by adoring him; and that all the greateſt Magicians and Wizards in *Europe* meet there in a nocturnal Aſſembly with the principal Devils; Hell being open that night, on account of the Imps and Hobgoblins which aſcend and deſcend to carry to and fro the records and compacts which they ſhew them. Beſides this famous Captain had familiar Spirits belonging to him, which he had taken from that infernal Aſſembly, and ſerved him as ſpies in the Army, and as pages, at other times, to carry *Billetdoux* to Ladies, all which coſt him no great matter. Good, that's a mighty thing indeed, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit*, burſting into a Laughter. Familiar Spirits! there is nothing ſo pretty as thoſe little Creatures, who know all that paſs in the Univerſe. Alas! what would our Society do, purſued he, without the aſſiſtance of theſe Hobgoblins, who give us a true account of all that paſſes in Chriſtendom, where you know there are great numbers of *Jeſuits* in every corner.

There are none then, Father, reply'd the Lady, who was very attentive, but the *Jeſuits* who can command Spirits of this Nature? No, Madam, ſaid Father *Bourdalou* very ſeriouſly, all the other Religious Order have done their utmoſt to engage theſe little Imps in their Service, but

but they could never compaſs their ends. And why, Father, anſwer'd the *Marchioneſs* laughing! I do not know, my dear, reply'd the *Jeſuit* laughing alſo; perhaps, dear Father, rejoin'd the Lady embracing him, 'tis becauſe you have more wit in your Society than the others, with whom theſe Spirits cannot ſympathize, having nothing dull in them. That may be, my Queen, anſwer'd the Father, who began to fire, if the love I bear you were all Spirit, I ſhould be happier than I am, but —— I don't know, Reverend Father, cry'd the *Marchioneſs*, interrupting him on a ſudden, ſince you have talk'd to me of Spirits, I am quite frighten'd: Have not you made uſe of Magick to charm me as you have? For I muſt own I love you to diſtraction.

A fine compliment you paſs upon me, Madam, reply'd the *Jeſuit* jeſting; Do you take me for a Wizard who bewitches People? No, Father, anſwer'd ſhe bluſhing, but ſince you make but a trifle of all I have told you of the Duke of *Luxembourg*, I thought I ſhould not offend you if I aſk'd whether you underſtand Magick. Yes, yes, my Goddeſs, cry'd the Father, robbing her of ſome Favours, I underſtand Magick admirably well, and I could wiſh to be yet a greater Magician than I am; How many amorous theſts ſhould I commit, and other things, which would make my Fortune in leſs than a moment! Come, let us loſe no time, my Charmer, but ſuffer me to join my *black Magick* to your *white Spell*. Alas Father, cry'd ſhe, drawing back, you don't think of it, but thoſe are Words enough to make one tremble. Come, come, without Ceremony, you

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are a Simpleton, *take my black Magick*, ſaid the *Jeſuit* in a paſſionate tranſport. I dare not come near you, Father, ſaid the Lady drawing back again, after what you have told me. What a Child you make of your ſelf, Madam! Come, come, ſaid the *Jeſuit*, *diſcovering all the Beauties of his* magick Art, *don't you ſee that my* Love *catches cold?* 'Tis true, my dear Soul, anſwer'd the Fair one ruſhing into his Arms, let us cover *it* up warm, but above all don't *bewitch me*. Take my word for it, my Angel, reply'd Father *Bourdalou* very eagerly, that I will *thruſt my magick Rod as far as I can*, without giving my ſelf any trouble about what may follow. *Oh! my dear Father*, ſaid the Lady in a Voice almoſt dying, *how raviſhing is this* Magick! *let me* feel it *very often. As often as I can poſſibly*, anſwered the *Jeſuit* ſomewhat out of breath, *but don't play the fool ſo long another time, it is quite unſeaſonable after what has paſs'd between us.* I know it very well, Father, reply'd the Lady, but 'tis the way of our Sex to love this way of *toying*, which ſometimes has a very good effect in Love. That's according to the inclination of the Perſons, my Charmer, anſwer'd he *doctoring his girdle*, which was *broken* by the violence of his Paſſion. 'Tis of a *reaſonable bigneſs*, interrupted the *Marchioneſs*, *taking it in her Hand*, but you don't conſider that the Croſs of St. *Ignatius*, which has ſo much virtue, is not there, and that perhaps you will leave it upon the Bed; and then my Huſband will diſcover that I have a Gallant among the Diſciples of *Loyola*. Pox on't, my pretty Soul, ſaid Father *Bourdalou*, that would be an ugly ſtory both for you and me. In this caſe we muſt have recourſe to the Duke of *Luxembourg*'s Magick to make it vaniſh,

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or to metamorphoſe it into ſome ſhape that would fright him. Now I think on't, Father, rejoin'd the Lady careſſing him, you were mentioning certain Spirits that are in the ſervice of your Order; pray tell me their Names, I fancy they muſt be very extraordinary. Go, you are a Wag, what would you do with their Names, ſaid the *Jeſuit* laughing, Do you deſign to turn a little Witch? Yes, Father, anſwer'd ſhe, I would be as much a Witch as you are a Wizard. Poh, poh, ſaid the good Father, without that I can *join my black Magick* to your *white Conjuring-Book*. Well then, Father, reply'd the Lady, I muſt be contented with what your Reverence pleaſes; Farewel, I muſt leave you, to attend ſome domeſtick Affairs.

Father *Bourdalou*, having parted from his Miſtreſs, haſtened to the *Father-Guardian* who waited for him with abundance of impatience; and having given him an account of his laſt Adventure, with a great deal pleaſure, and enlarg'd upon the merit of her, who held his heart in chains, he created ſuch a longing deſire in his Friend to reviſit the Fair one, that he could neither eat nor ſleep for two or three days. The Idea of his amiable *Marchioneſs* ſerv'd him both for Food and Reſt. Hereupon, Father *Bourdalou*, ſeeing him one morning as pale as Death, ſaid to him with an air of compaſſion, faith, my poor Brother, Love makes you droop terribly; Adzooks, go to the Doctor, you are in a worſe condition then you think you are in. My diſtemper, Brother, anſwer'd the *Father-Guardian* laughing is not incurable; haſte away, then quickly, my Dear ſaid he, taking him by the Hand, for fear of inflaming your Diſeaſe which ſeems to be very dangerous,

dangerous. Don't laugh ſo much at my weakneſs *Bourdalou*, reply'd the *Father-Guardian* ſighing, you are as frail as another; and 'tis not the firſt time that you have been ſeen *chaſtiſing your Doctrine, and threatning it with deſtruction, if it did not grow leſs ungovernable.* That is too true, Father, anſwer'd he ſmiling, but at preſent *it is very quiet upon that Head.* How long will that laſt, interrupted the *Father-Guardian* burſting into a fit of laughter? Perhaps till to-morrow, reply'd the other, *looking upon it.* Not ſo, by your leave, my Dear, cry'd the *Father-Guardian* with ſome warmth, I intend to *beſiege the Fort* that belongs to us both in common, before you this time; I deſign to bring down the *Cannon before it* in form, and am marching thither directly *Sword in Hand.*

You chooſe your time very ill, Father, ſaid *Bourdalou*, the *Marquiſs* is at Home, and you will be caught napping. The D---l take Love ſaid he, it gives me no reſt, and diſturbs me more then all the plagues in the World; when the diſtemper is *ſtrong* upon me, purſued he, taking a Razor, and laying his Hand upon his —— *Noſe*, if it was no great matter I would —— Hold, hold, Brother, cry'd *Bourdalou*, embracing him; What! are your ſtark mad! Would you revenge your ſelf upon your ſelf, and deſtroy *Nature's beſt handy-work?* Why, you don't think what you are going about, beſides that the Ladies would oppoſe it, it is a deadly Sin. The *Father-Guardian* being recover'd from his Paſſion, and approving of his Friend's ſolid Reaſons, went to his Chamber, ſhav'd his head and face, perfum'd himſelf with eſſence of Jeſſamine, waſh'd his Hands, which

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are none of the fineſt, with almond-paſte, and put a little red upon his cheek and lips, in order to render himſelf more agreeable, and be the more careſſed by the Lady he was going to viſit.

He went thither then, and having gained admittance at the gate, ſcratched a long while at her chamber-door, which ſhe would not open, becauſe her huſband was with her. Hereupon the cunning *Jeſuit*, who judged how matters ſtood, placed himſelf in a corner upon the ſtairs, hoping ſtill that the good man would be gone in a little while; but he has ſworn ſince, that he never had his patience ſo much tried, in the humour he was then in, his Love not being able to ſuffer either Rival or Sharer. At laſt, after having waited ſome time, the Cuckold went away, and gave the good Father an opportunity to acquaint the fair one with the torments ſhe had cauſed; whilſt he, poor man, was walking at a great rate up and down his parlour, with his head full of politicks.

Hereupon, a *Valet de Chambre* who loved him extremely, and whom he intruſted with almoſt all his ſecrets, came and told him as a great myſtery, that a *Jeſuit* of the *Maiſon Profeſſe*, took great care of his wife, and that he often confeſſed her. What! *Chambrun*, cry'd he, rubbing his forehead, without my knowledge! Yes, Sir, anſwered the fellow very mournfully, but take no notice to my Lady, and you ſhall catch the Gentleman in the *very Fact*. Z----ds, what do you ſay man, cried the *Marquis* ſtepping backwards two ſteps, What! I am a Cuckold, then without knowing it! juſt ſo they ſerve fools: But I muſt inquire this inſtant into a thing that

concerns me ſo nearly. Take care what you do, Sir, replied *Chambrun*, This is a very nice affair; only do you pretend to go to ſupper with one of your friends, and I will give you notice in time when to appear.

The *Marquis*, as adviſed, went to his Lady, who had hid the *Jeſuit* under her bed, and told her he was obliged to go out to ſupper; whereupon the *Marchioneſs* believing herſelf entirely at liberty, and delivered from the preſence of a huſband, which is always troubleſome to pretty women, made her Gallant, who was diſguiſed like an officer of the firſt rank, come from his hiding place, and get into bed: And as ſhe was an inordinate Lover of the pleaſures of *Venus*, ſhe gave herſelf very little trouble to aſk who he was, ſeeing very plainly that it was not father *Bourdalou*, who came ſome times in the ſame habit. In ſhort, it was the ſecond time that the *Father-Guardian* returned to the *Aſſault*, and finding the TRENCHES *open*, he ſoon made himſelf *maſter of the Fort*, with *great vigour*, and brought the lady to *capitulate* in form.

Hereupon, the *Valet de Chambre*, who had ſeen *all the myſtery* through a hole that was in the cieling, ran in all haſte to acquaint his maſter of what was tranſacting againſt his honour, which put him into an inexpreſſible rage. He reſolved immediately to give his enemy a thouſand wounds: Let us go, in the D----l's name, cried he, cocking his hat. *Chambrun* my friend, ſaid he to his *Valet*, will not you help me to kill this raſcal of a *Jeſuit* who has the impudence to cuckold me, Me! who make Cuckolds of others? Oh! G--d z---ns, continued he, drawing his ſword,

ſword, I'll teach you, Mr. *Scoundrel*, whom you have to do with; what! your Breviary is not enough to employ your time, but you muſt treſpaſs upon your neighbour's Wife! Thou rampant Stallion, thy ſin is unpardonable. Don't put your ſelf into ſuch a paſſion, Sir, ſaid *Chambran*, interrupting him ſeriouſly, I don't believe it is a *Jeſuit* that has *kiſs'd* my Lady to night. What! S'death! Raſcal, what do you ſay? Cried the *Marquis*, going to give him a box on the ear, does the Wanton lye with more than one? Ah! the pretty Jade! Ah! the leud Whore! Having thus ſaid, he ran in all haſte to his wife's chamber, and thruſt againſt the door with ſuch a force, that he broke it open.

The *Father-Guardian*, who was ſtill in bed, ſeeing the *Marquis*, ruſh in with his eyes flaming with anger, and his ſword drawn, was in the utmoſt ſurprize; and not having time to put on his cloaths, ſtarted up in his ſhirt, and leapt out of window into the ſtreet, upon the head of a man who was crying wafers, whom he almoſt kill'd: This done, and being recovered a little from his fall, he ran, naked as he was, to a Convent of Friars who were his friends, and were no leſs ſubject to human frailties than himſelf. The *Marquis* being enraged to the laſt degree at having miſſed his Prey, fell immediately upon the blue-laced coat and waſtcoat, and the embroidered breeches, which the poor run away *Jeſuit* had left in an arm-chair by the bed-ſide, but after having well examined them, he could not find whoſe they were. Hereupon he reviled his wife to the laſt degree, giving her the moſt opprobrious language, together with ſome very grievous blows; and had it not been for the

Valet

Valet who accompanied him, and held his arm, he had killed her upon the ſpot to ſatiate his revenge: But being ſomewhat recovered from his fury, he made her get into a coach that inſtant, in ſpite of all the careſſes ſhe wou'd have beſtow'd upon him, and carried her to her Father, who alſo immediately reſolved to confine her at the *Magdelonettes* for Life.

The Mothers of St. *Dennis*, who are ſettled in that Convent, to correct women of debauched lives, and who are perſons of a very great auſterity, immediately enjoined her a ſevere Penance: After which ſhe was ſhaved even to the Eye-brows, according to the order eſtabliſhed by *Mary Magdalen*, who received an entire pardon for all her ſins, after which ſhe ſhaved off all the hair of her body in acknowledgment of that favour.

The beauteous *Marchioneſs* being thus immurred at the *Magdelonettes*, was overwhelmed both with Shame, and with a gloomy and ſullen melancholy, which made her regret her dear Liberty, that ſhe had loſt ſo unfortunately: And when ſhe ſaw the Mothers of St. *Dennis*, who uſed to reprimand her every day for her intrigues; coming to her with their great black Veils, ſhe uſed to croſs herſelf as if ſhe took them for Devils. Whereupon theſe good Nuns ſeeing her Rebellion, threatened her that ſhe ſhould have no ſhare in their Indulgences, but that they would firſt ſend them back to the *Pope*, without whoſe permiſſion ſhe could never enter Paradiſe. However, the *Marchioneſs* let them talk on, having ſeveral Paſſports for that holy place, from father *Bourdalou*, and the *Father-Guardian*, with whom ſhe got acquainted the laſt time they were together.

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To return to the *Father-Guardian*, who had made his Eſcape to a Convent, as I obſerved before, he continued there ſome days doing Penance, without the *Superiour's* knowing it, having made him believe by a letter, and by the Aſſiſtance of ſome of his brother *Jeſuits*, that he was employed in doing ſome buſineſs for the Convent. At his return to the *Maiſon Profeſſe*, he gave a full account of his unfortunate Adventure to Father *Bourdalou*, who only laughed at it; not thinking him in any danger, ſince he was not known, although the Affair had made a ſufficient noiſe in *Paris*. You will be wiſer another time, Father, ſaid he bantering him, and will remember your diſguiſing your ſelf, although, as it happened, it was well for you that you did ſo. For heaven's ſake, cried the *Father-Guardian*, let me hear no more of this curſed Adventure, the pleaſure I enjoyed with the *Marchioneſs*, has cauſed me abundance of Pain; my Arm has tortured me exceſſively, ever ſince I fell upon the Head of the poor Wafer-man, who cried out, *help*, *murther*, like a *Bedlam*.

Truly, Father, rejoined *Bourdalou* laughing, you made a very fine Figure running through the ſtreets in your ſhirt, to a Convent of Friars, who, no doubt, were ſomewhat ſurprized to ſee you ſhow your naked A---e at that rate. I leave you to imagine the wonder I created in the good Friars, ſaid the *Father-Guardian*; on my addreſſing my ſelf to the *Prior*, who was the firſt that came in my way, the poor Man croſſed himſelf a thouſand times, and called for *Holy-Water*, with deſign to exorciſe me according to all monkly Forms, taking me for a Spirit that was come to haunt them; but after that I had related

related to them all my Adventure ſincerely, without concealing any thing, they took pity on me, and all the night was ſpent in laughing and making merry, at ſuch a ſurprizing and extraordinary Story. I muſt tell you, brother, anſwered *Bourdalou*, that I was very much in Pain for you, finding you did not return; and what plagued me the moſt was, the uneaſineſs of the *Superiour*, who, you know, is the moſt troubleſome man in the world. That is what I thought on alſo, replied the *Father-Guardian*, being well aſſured that you muſt tell that ridiculous Wretch a thouſand lies.

The Arrival of Father *le Comte*, that famous Miſſionary, who was lately returned from *China*, interrupted the converſation of the two *Jeſuits* by turning the diſcourſe upon Religion, this Father not being willing to reproach his Brothers with their Intrigues, although he was no Stranger to part of them, This *le Comte* had got acquainted with a *Turk* whom he had brought with him to *Paris*, and who was very young, very finely ſhaped, and as handſome as any one would wiſh a Miſtreſs. This Maiden had a great deſire to become a *Roman* Catholick, and be baptized; to which end ſhe met this *Jeſuit* every day at a place where he appointed her: At laſt ſhe was baptized by his bleſſed hand, and her name was *Genevieve Clotilda*, which done he gave her all the inſtructions neceſſary to make her a good *Roman*, without forgetting his own Pretenſions to her. The Bargain being made, and *ſealed with the ſeal of Love*, the *Turk* bent all her thoughts upon doing her duty; accordingly the good Father, being moved with her zeal, promiſed her abundance of Indulgences,

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and Paradiſe into the bargain. How happy are you, Father, ſaid the *Turk*, to be able to give Paradiſe to whom you pleaſe; for in *Turky* the Law of *Mahomet* will not allow us poor Women to have any Souls. That is a ſtrange Doctrine, anſwered Father *le Comte*, but what is *Mahomet*'s opinion concerning Marriage? Does he allow of living ſingle or no? Father replied the *Turk*, who ſpoke very good *French*, the Debauchery and Diſorders which I ſee in *France* are not ſo common amongſt us; the Men are more diſcreet and more politick, and the Women more faithful to their Huſbands; and as for the ſingle Women if they ſhould loſe their *Maidenheads*, they would be buried alive without Remiſſion, whereas amongſt you here it paſſes only for Gallantry.

But tell me, my dear Siſter, rejoined the *Jeſuit* ſmiling; *how do they know in your Country when a girl has loſt her Maidenhead?* Father, anſwered the *Turk* bluſhing, Modeſty forbids me to tell you, you know much better than I: That is true, my dear, replied he, I like you ſhould be of that Temper; but tell me a little I beg you what Ceremonies are obſerved in the marrying a Maid. Father, ſaid the *Turk*, firſt, the Lovers never ſee each other, but there are certain old Women, who are a ſort of *Love-brokers*, who *examine the Maidens that are to be married from head to foot*, that they may give an exact deſcription of them to the Men, who take them if they like the Account given them. This done, the Bride is carried to the Moſque very richly dreſſed, and covered with a white veil; and they put upon her forehead a paper upon which the name of *God* and *Mahomet* is written in large characters, after which ſhe is married ſeparately, without

out her ſeeing her future Huſband till ſhe goes to Bed: And you muſt obſerve, reverend, father, continued the *Turk*, buſting into a laughter, that if the Maiden, when in bed with her Huſband, ſays one word, or makes the leaſt ado, ſhe is taken for a *Wanton* who has loſt her *Maidenhead* before Marriage, and deſerves to be ſtrangled, as well as thoſe who have no fortune, who, according to the law of *Mahomet*, are unfit to live: ſo that the poor Girl is forced to *take every Thing patiently*, and *without ſpeaking a word*, or elſe *ſhe is thought no Maid*.

Next morning the Huſband, that he may be ſure of what he ſometimes doubts, *ſends his Wife's Shift* to the town Hall, in order to be *examined* before all the relations on both ſides, who declare each of them their thoughts. This done, they conduct the new married Couple to a great Entertainment, in a little open Chariot enamelled with divers colours, wherein they put a great number of little bells, and baſons, which make a terrible noiſe, being followed by ſeveral young men with great hammers in their hands: Theſe in a manner are the *Turkiſh* Ceremonies, which have not the leaſt conformity with thoſe amongſt the *Chriſtians*. I muſt confeſs, my dear Siſter, that though I have been at *China*, as you know, and ſeveral other places amongſt the Infidels, I was a Stranger to a hundred little particulars which you have told me.

When the good *Jeſuit* had aſked his Pupil Abundance of other Queſtions, he took his Leave of her till next day, and went directly to a Bagnio, where he bathed, and was waſhed very clean, and perfumed with the moſt fragrant Odours, and

and all with a view of pleaſing his beauteous *Turk*, not thinking it a thing of ſmall moment to be beloved by ſuch an amiable Maiden. Accordingly the crafty *Jeſuit* ſucceeded very well in his Deſign, for what with his Inſtructions, what with his Careſſes, he gained her Heart ſo entirely, that the poor *Turk* could not live a minute without her Reverend Father, to whom ſhe uſe to go to confeſſion very often: But I leave any one to imagine how favourable he was in abſolving her, and how liberal of his Indulgences to her.

His Intrigue with this *Turk* laſted for a conſiderable while; but as one grows weary of loving always one and the ſame object, and our Love loſes its Ardour, and becomes languid in proceſs of time, Father *le Comte* transfered his Adoration to an object more engaging, and capable of creating a more lively Paſſion. This was the wife of a famous Phyſician, who was indeed a miracle, ſo exquiſite were her charms; but as this Beauty had no great veneration for a ſanctified Lover, his Paſſion did not meet with a very ſuitable Return. Accordingly he reproach'd her with her Indifference one day, being with her upon the ſkirts of the Foreſt of St. *Germains*, where he entertained her alone with his Paſſion, whilſt the Doctor was buſy in getting ſome Simples gathered in the wood, in order to make ſome rare *Noſtrum*. Alas! cried the *Fair one*, with Indifference enough, I don't know how to help it, Father, if I don't love you ſo well as you deſire, my Heart will not ſubmit to the Careſſes you require of me. What! purſued ſhe coldly, is it poſſible that perſons of your character ſhould be ſo ſuſceptible of Love, which is only

the Lot of Worldlings? Ah! Madam, anſwered Father *le Comte*, with a ſuppliant air, for Heaven's ſake don't exclaim ſo highly againſt me; you know very well that we are men, and frail, as well as others, although we uſe our utmoſt endeavours not to give way to the Temptations of the fleſh; which beſet us more than others, becauſe we are debarred from the Refreſhments of this Life. Why, who hinders you from refreſhing yourſelf, Reverend Father, replied the Lady laughing? See there is ſome water that is admirable, I would rather take care of your Gown, that you may have the Pleaſure to quench the Fire that diſorders you ſo much. O Heavens! Madam, rejoined Father *le Comte* in a paſſionate tone, all the Rivers in the Ocean would not be able to extinguiſh the Flame you have kindled in my Soul.

Is it poſſible, Father, anſwered the Lady ſmiling, that my Beauty is capable of working ſuch wonderful Effects? Do you doubt it, my charmer, ſaid the *Jeſuit* kiſſing the bottom of her Petticoat! I no longer know myſelf ſince I firſt beheld you, and in all my Travels I never ſaw any thing ſo perfect as yourſelf: In ſhort, one may ſay without flattering, that you are the Wonder of the World. Father, anſwered the Lady coldly, you inform me of what I did not know, I was hitherto a Stranger to my own Merit; who would have imagined that one like you, who has lived a Recluſe in the Deſarts would have made this Diſcovery. Do you wonder at that, my Angel, replied the Father, attempting to kiſs her? Don't you know that 'tis my talent to make Diſcoveries? Suffer me to diſcover the reſt of your Beauties. What do you mean; Father,

ſaid

ſaid ſhe puſhing him from her, think you that the Solitude we are in is an Encouragement to me to grant you any Liberties? No, I will never do it, I know better what I owe to my Huſband, my Duty, and myſelf. Fine ſtories indeed, Madam, cried the *Jeſuit* interrupting her, are Huſbands ever the worſe for wearing upon their heads the Plumage of the bird that now ſings? Don't you hear what he ſays, my dear Sifter, *Cuckoo*, *Cuckoo*, cried the Wag, mimicking the Cuckoo, it is but a Trifle.

What Father, ſays the Lady as if ſurprized, do you call it a Trifle to graft Horns upon a Huſband's Head? Indeed it is what I was ignorant of before: 'Tis true, continued ſhe rallying, it belongs only to you Reverend Fathers to dive into profound Myſteries. That is, as being the Flower of all the religious orders, Madam, ſaid Father *le Comte*, but let us advance a little, my Queen, when will you grant me the *laſt Favour? Did you but know how I languiſh, in hopes to enjoy your pretty little* ——! I firmly believe you are mad, Father, replied the young Lady in a ſcornful tone, have I promiſed you any thing? No, no, my Kharmer, anſwered the *Jeſuit*, ruſhing upon her, and putting his hand upon her *Mount* of *Venus*, you have promiſed me nothing indeed, but we muſt take by Violence what the *Fair one's* don't grant without reluctance. Hold, hold, forbear, cried ſhe kicking him as hard as ſhe could, I'll call my huſband; how! Wretch! do you take Advantage of an Opportunity at this rate, and do you take it ſo *roughly* by the *Forelock*. Don't be angry, my Life, ſaid the Father, *all on Fire*, I will proceed more gently; let me only apply a *conſecrated*

Candle, which will be of great ſervice to you, to that DELICIOUS PLACE *upon which I laid my hand. Go carry your conſecrated Candle*, replied the Lady haughtily, to ſome Saint that will be more thankful to you for it, and that ſtands more in need of it.

By this time the Phyſician appearing with his men, who had found the Simples whereof he was in Queſt, obliged Father *le Comte* to change the Converſation; wherefore, as ſoon as he ſaw this good humoured Huſband, who had left his Wife with him with ſo much Confidence, he went to meet him, and ſaid to him laughing; well, Sir, have you found what you was looking for in the Wood? Yes, Father, anſwered he, ſhowing him the herbs he had gotten, here are Simples which have Virtue enough (if one had Faith in them) to raiſe the dead; they are good for every thing, even for the hearts of Lovers, added he, ſmiling. The *Jeſuit* made no anſwer to this Diſcourſe, it being contrary to his character to urge the Phyſician's Thought any farther, he contented himſelf therefore with fetching a deep Sigh, which was obſerved by the Doctor.

After having talked yet ſome time longer in the Foreſt, about ſeveral indifferent things, every one parted very civilly, and returned to their reſpective Habitations; but no ſooner was the Phyſician's wife alone with her Huſband, than ſhe ſaid to him embracing him; my dear Life, in what a dangerous Man's Hands did you leave me! Did not you obſerve how amorous the *Jeſuit* is? What do you ſay, my dear Jewel, cried the Doctor, ſtepping backwards two ſteps; what! Father *le Comte* think of Love? You banter Child.

Child. No, no, my dear Husband, I don't banter, he has diſcover'd his Love to me in great Form; but if you would oblige me, we would chaſtiſe him for this Vice, it would even be Charity. Alas! Wife, what would you do to a poor amorous *Jeſuit*, anſwer'd the Phyſician laughing ready to ſplit his ſides? What would I do, my Dear, reply'd his Spouſe? I would make an Aſſignation with him, and would balk him, after which he ſhould be ſoundly laſh'd, without his daring to ſpeak of it I am ſure for good Reaſons: Thus ſhould we mortify the *unruly Motions* of the *rebellious Fleſh*, which, he ſays, always *flies in his Face*.

The Doctor, who was of a pleaſant Temper, approv'd of his Wife's Deſign, as ſoon as ſhe had acquainted him with the *Jeſuit*'s Impudence; and as he could rely upon her, he let her take her own Way. In ſhort, every thing was put in order for this great Deſign. The Doctor hired three or four luſty Porters, whom he made hide themſelves behind the Hangings, with each of them a ſwinging bunch of Rods, to wait for the Spark. As he did not fail coming every Day in the duſk of the Evening to court his Charmer, ſhe pretended that Night to take all his Careſſes in the Foreſt for ſterling, and, in order to play her part the better, affected to be very loving, and even to be willing to come to a Concluſion: This over-joy'd the Father, who hugg'd himſelf with the Thoughts of ſucceeding ſo ſoon in his amorous Enterprize. To carry on the Deceit, after granting him ſeveral trivial Favours; *let us go to Bed, Father*, ſaid ſhe, the Pleaſure will be the greater: This he did, with the utmoſt Hurry, after having well faſten'd the Door, puſhing

pulling off his Gown, and all the reſt of the Holy Trumpery, as believing himſelf in the utmoſt ſafety.

Being undreſs'd to his Shirt, the Porters ruſh'd from behind the Hangings, and ſeizing him, ſome by the Arm, and others by the Legs, laſh'd him ſo terribly that he cry'd out Murther. *Never had the Buttocks of a poor* Jeſuit *been curry'd before to ſuch a Degree*, whilſt the Doctor and his Wife were ready to ſplit their ſides with Laughter, having never been better diverted than during this comical Scene. The Diſcipline being over, which was ſomewhat more ſevere then ever he had given himſelf in College, poor Father *le Comte*, who had done his utmoſt to defend his *Poſteriors*, huddled on his Cloaths quite out of Countenance; curſing the *Fair one* who had play'd him this ſcurvy Trick, and aſſuring her ſhe ſhould never have any ſhare in Paradiſe, for he would uſe his utmoſt endeavours with St. *Ignatius* to ſhut that Gate againſt her. However, the Lady was not much mov'd with his Menaces, on the contrary, ſhe diverted herſelf with her Huſband at the Father's empty Threats, whilſt he return'd to Convent very melancholy, and concealing his Diſaſter from all his Brethren.

At Night, retiring to his Chamber ſooner than uſual, he apply'd a Pot of healing Balſam to his *poor Buttocks!* which were more bloody, and worſe ſcarify'd, than a Calf that has been newly ſlay'd; inſomuch that the Pain he ſuffer'd in his Poſteriors made him keep his Bed a Fortnight, anointing them every Day with freſh Balſam.

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The Fathers *de la Rue* and *Bourdalou*, who knew him to be a Chip of the old Block as well as themſelves, went very often to viſit him, and aſk'd him with ſome Concern what he ail'd; but Father *le Comte*, who underſtood as much Roguery as any one of them, would never acquaint them with his Misfortune, being well aſſur'd they would only laugh at it. For this reaſon the poor Father always told the *Superiour* and *Father-Guardian*, when they came to ſee him, that he had a quotidian Ague which diſordered him very much, but that it would wear of in Time.

Let us leave him then to nurſe his poor Backſide, and return to the Doctor, who diſcover'd another Intrigue of Father *la Chaiſe* the King's Confeſſor. This Doctor liv'd in the *Fauxbourg* St. *Antonie*, where this *Jeſuit* has a fine Houſe, in which nothing is wanting that can contribute to his or his Friends Diverſion. The Doctor being very well ſatisfy'd with having chaſtis'd Father *le Comte*, and having no manner of reſpect for the *Jeſuits*, on account of their wicked Morals, uſed to take a pleaſure in watching them. Every Evening then, by Moon-Light, this Doctor ſaw a *young Page* come to the good Father's who wore the Marchioneſs of *Maintenon*'s Livery; it was a beautiful Girl, Neice to a rich *Jewiſh* Merchant, who was dreſs'd in this manner in order to diſguiſe her: This Page uſed to ſtay till Midnight to receive the Orders of Father *la Chaiſe* who, no doubt, imitated her in *Love's moſt ſacred Myſteries*.

One

One Night, as this Father was in a cloſe Arbour, held his *lovely Page* upon his Knees, he ſaid to her tenderly; will you always love me my little *Clotte?* that was the Name he gave her, I will be a better Friend to you than your Uncle, with all his Riches, if you will perſevere in loving me. Do you doubt it, Father, anſwer'd the Girl agreeably; where can I place my Love better than on you, who ſet ſo great a Value on it, and return it with ſuch Ardour? Yes, my Life, I promiſe never to love any one but you, reply'd the *Jeſuit* kiſſing her; you know, continued he, that Perſons of our Character are more conſtant than others; and that for certain politick Reaſons. That is true, Father, rejoin'd *Clotte*, with a Sigh, but I am afraid of a fatal Miſchance ſince our laſt Interview How! what are you afraid of? My Charmer, ſaid he; can you be in Fear of any thing with me? Speak my little Dear, and ſigh no more. Alas! Reverend Father, reply'd the young Girl embracing him, I am afraid that I'm with Child. is that all that troubles you, my Jewel, anſwer'd the *Jeſuit* ſmiling? I ſhall ſoon be able to undo what Nature has been doing. How will you effect that, Father, cry'd the Girl a little more compos'd? Be eaſy only, ſaid he, ſqueezing her by the Hand, and I will cure you.

No ſooner had he ſpoken theſe Words, but he got up, and ran to a Cloſet, where there was Abundance of rare Secrets of this Reverend Father's, and brought her a little Box, wherein was a Powder, which he had received from the *Cordeliers* his good Friends, and which was admirable

to

to make ſuch Laſſes miſcarry as had been venturing to take too much of the *Arbor Vitæ*. Upon this was the following Inſcription : *A wonderful Secret, which has been try'd with Succeſs ſeveral times, upon the Nuns of the Convent of* Montmartre. You muſt take this Powder, ſaid he, in a Glaſs of Wine every morning faſting for a Month ; after which you muſt run as faſt as you can from the Top of the Houſe to the Bottom, which done let the Remedy take it's Courſe. But, Father, ſaid the Girl interrupting him, is it no Sin to take this Powder ? What do you call a Sin, my Dear, cry'd the Reprobate laughing ? Nothing in the World is a Sin but what we will have to be ſo. Man would be a Slave indeed, if all Actions had a tendency to Sin. What do you mean then, Father, by committing a Sin ? ſaid the Girl. You can't comprehend this Doctrine, Child, anſwer'd Father *la Chaiſe*, nor the Subtleties of philoſophical Sin which cures the Mind of all Scruples ; a great many things muſt concur to make a Sin damnable, which is what all the World does not underſtand. The *Jeſuit* having thus ended his Converſation with his *lovely Page*, diſmiſs'd him as uſual, recommending it to him carefully not to defer taking the Powder he had given him.

Next Day, which was a *Friday*, the good Father gave Audience to ſeveral Perſons of all Ranks and Conditions, whom he diſpatch'd quickly, in order to have more time to diſcourſe with his *charming Page*, whom he had appointed to meet him in his Garden : But as it was

as yet early, juſt as he was beginning to careſs him, and to enquire what Effect the heliſh Powder which he had given him had had, the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, and the Biſhop of *Noyon* came to make him a Viſit. As Father *la Chaiſe* had taken care to have the lovely Girl ſufficiently diſguis'd, he did not give himſelf much trouble about the Arrival of theſe two Prelates, who were a long time examining the Beauty of the ſeeming Boy. Without diſpute, Father, ſaid the Biſhop of *Noyon* laughing, you give ſome Inſtructions to this pretty Scholar whom I find with you pretty often. Yes my Lord, anſwer'd Father *la Chaiſe* as cunning as poſſible, 'tis a young Page of the Marchioneſs *de Maintenon*'s, whom ſhe has deſired me to inſtruct in the *Roman* Catholick Religion, the Boy having been bred a *Huguenot*, and having put himſelf under her Protection, in order to be received into the Pale of the Church.

By this Pretence the crafty *Jeſuit* ſtopt for that time the Mouths of the two Prelates, who had a longing Deſire to have known more; but within a little while after, as theſe two Biſhops happen'd to meet at St. *Cyr*, they had the curioſity to aſk Madam *de Maintenon*, who was the Superiour of that Abbey, if her *Huguenot* Page had improved mightily by the Inſtructions given him by Father *la Chaiſe*. I have a *Huguenot* Page! cry'd the Lady croſſing herſelf, do you take me for one that entertains *Huguenots* in my Service? No, indeed, continued ſhe, I hate them all too much, to ſuffer ſuch

ſuch a Thought to enter my Head. However, don't put your ſelf in ſuch a Paſſion, Madam, ſaid the Archbiſhop of *Paris* with a ſmile, we were inform'd ſo by that Father himſelf, who gave us this Account. Undoubtedly, my Lord, anſwer'd the Marchioneſs, the Father did it to put a ſtop to your Curioſity.

On Madam *de Maintenon*'s ſaying ſo, the Archbiſhop urg'd the matter no farther, finding there was ſome Myſtery in Father *la Chaiſe*'s Behaviour; and the Biſhop of *Noyon*, whoſe Thoughts were the ſame, ſaid to the Archbiſhop, after they had left Madrm *de Maintenon*; my Lord, I would venture to be hang'd this Moment, if our ſly Rogue of a *Jeſuit* has not ſome Intrigue with this pretty Page. I believe as much, my Lord, anſwer'd the Archbiſhop ſmiling; but, rejoin'd the Biſhop of *Noyon*, how ſhall we manage to find out the Bottom of it? I don't know, reply'd the Archbiſhop, it requires time to diſcover this Myſtery, let us go and take the Air at the *Queen's-Courſe*, and there we will conſider on it.

Accordingly the Coachman was order'd to drive them to the *Queen's-Courſe*, in which agreeable Solitude the two Prelates bent all their Thoughts upon their Deſign. As it happen'd, one of the Biſhop of *Noyon*'s Footmen was acquainted with one of Father *la Chaiſe*'s Servants, who repoſed abundance of Confidence in him, they being intimate Friends. This coming to the Biſhop's Ear, he order'd his Footman to

ſift it artfully out of his Acquaintance, who the *Page* belong'd to, that Father *la Chaiſe* uſed to inſtruct every Day. The Footman, according to orders, ſet his Friend's Pulſe upon that Head, but was anſwered that he knew nothing of the matter. But ſaid the Footman do you know *la Fleur*, that was the Name of *la Chaiſe*'s Servant, that the Biſhop of *Noyon*, my Maſter, will make you a very handſome Preſent if you will confeſs the Truth ?

La Fleur's Fidelity, like his Betters, was not proof againſt this Attack ; wherefore taking his Comrade to a place conſecrated to *Bacchus*, where they intrench'd themſelves behind a Battery of Bottles and Glaſſes of the beſt Wine that could be found, he inform'd his Friend of all he knew about his Maſter ; but begg'd him not to diſcloſe it to any one but the Biſhop of *Noyon*. Don't give your ſelf any Trouble upon that ſcore, *la Fleur*, ſaid the Footman breaking a Glaſs over his Head, my Maſter is very diſcreet. *La Fleur* ſeeing the Gallantry of his Comrade, toſs'd two more over his Head, and pull'd the Footman by the Sleeve, that he might obſerve how far he excell'd him : In ſhort, the Feaſt of *Bacchus* being ended, our *Skipkennels* returned Home in the fineſt humour in the World.

As ſoon as the Biſhop of *Noyon* ſaw his Footman ; Well *L'Avanture* ſaid he, have you done as I ordered you ? Yes, my Lord, anſwer'd he laughing, I have diſcover'd almoſt all that you

you deſired to know. *La Fleur* told me, in his Cups, that he was not certain whether the *Page* who came daily to his Maſter for Inſtruction was a *Boy* or a *Girl*; but that he was very ſure that the *Jeſuit* kiſs'd *his pretty Scholar ſeveral times a Day*. What the duce does the Fellow ſay? Cry'd the Biſhop, as if ſurpriz'd: Nothing is more certain, my Lord, reply'd *L'Avanture*; he has even aſſured me that he often found his Bed very much tumb'ed, and the good Father's Cloaths, in very great diſorder, when he ſurpriz'd them ſometimes. That's ſufficient *L'Avanture* ſaid the Biſhop of *Noyon*, I will take care of *la Fleur*, as well as of thee, keep it Secret: I will, my Lord, anſwer'd the Footman, and withdrew.

Hereupon the Biſhop of *Noyon* immediately ordered his Coach to be got ready, and went to the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, who was then in his Cloſet with his Chancellor, whom on the Arrival of the Biſhop he ſoon diſmiſs'd. The two Prelates being left by themſelves, the Biſhop of *Noyon* acquainted his Friend with all Father *la Chaiſe*'s Intrigue. But how ſhall we do, my Lord, ſaid the Archbiſhop interrupting him, and burſting into a Laughter, to ſurprize our *ſly Jeſuit* with his Favourite? Gueſs what we will do, my Lord, ſaid the Biſhop of *Noyon*; We will give five or ſix *Louis d'or* to *la Fleur*, who is already in our Intereſt, having been gain'd over by my Footman, and he ſhall open us the Door, when his Maſter is

is warmly engag'd in an *amorous Combat*, ſo that we ſhall catch him *actually mounted upon his Pad.*

The Thought is not amiſs, my Lord, anſwered the Archbiſhop with a Smile, for finding himſelf caught, he will confeſs all, and allow us to ſhare with him in his Charmer. May I be balked of my Expectations, ſaid the Biſhop of *Noyon*, if I don't believe it will happen juſt as you foreſee; but what will become of poor *la Fleur*, my Lord? Poh, replied the Archbiſhop, we will plead his Cauſe, and ſwear that Chance led us into his Chamber without his Servant's knowing any thing of the matter. I think that will do admirably well, my Lord, anſwered the Biſhop; nothing now remains but to put our Deſign in Execution without any falſe Step.

Some days after *la Fleur*, who was apprized of their Reſolution, and to whom they had made a handſome Preſent, with a Promiſe of yet more when the buſineſs was done, did not fail, to let the two Prelates ſteal into Father *la Chaiſe*'s Chamber, where they ſurprized the poor JESUIT, *careſſing his little Darling in a very unſeemly Poſture.* What! Father, cried the Archbiſhop, *is that your way of giving your Scholar Inſtruction? Faith, it's an admirable Method, and I don't doubt but he improves mightily by it.* The *Jeſuit* was ſo much aſhamed and ſo confounded at this Reproach, and at being ſo ſurprized, *that he forgot to hide — what is never to be ſhown:* The Biſhop of *Noyon*, ſeeing the Father's Perplexity,

drew

drew the flap of his Gown out of Charity over the Part that had been tranſgreſſing.

In the mean while, the Archbiſhop ran to the bed to look for the pretty Page, who had ſunk down into it, and covered himſelf over head and ears, for fear of being known. But this Precaution availed him little, for that Prelate never left him till he had ſearched him all over, and finding it to be a moſt inviting and moſt amiable Girl, he that inſtant conceived ſuch a Love for her, that he aſked Father *la Chaiſe*, who could hardly recover from his Surprize, *if he might not likewiſe give his lovely Page ſome inſtructions?* Yes with all my heart, my Lord, ſaid the *Jeſuit*, who found that the Myſtery was diſcovered, and was very glad that they took it in that manner, you may help yourſelf where you pleaſe, you ſee the Piece is not amiſs.

The Archbiſhop, without farther Ceremony, ran to the Girl, who had not dared to get up, and tenderly embracing her, ſaid, ſuffer me, beauteous Scholar, to ſet you a leſſon, which ſhall be at leaſt as good as Father *la Chaiſe*'s: The *Fair one*, finding all Reſiſtance would be in vain, and being, beſides, *a mighty Lover of that ſame*, did not oppoſe it but faintly, and that only out of Decency. The Biſhop of *Noyon* likewiſe *mounted the Breach in his Turn*, in ſo much that after the *Jeſuit* had made a ſincere Confeſſion of the whole affair, the *little Wanton* remained in common between them, which cemented a laſting Friendſhip between the two Prelates and Father

la

la Chaiſe, and *la Fleur* was not at all blamed, becauſe they entirely clear'd him.

Some Months after Father *la Chaiſe*'s Adventure, all the *Jeſuits* of the *Maiſon Profeſſe*, taking the Opportunity of the *Superiour*, and the *Father-Guardian*'s being out of the Convent for ſome Buſineſs, reſolved to regale themſelves. To this end a magnificent Supper was prepared, where nothing was wanting that was delicious, and could provoke the Appetite. They drank each of them ſeveral Bottles of the beſt Wine, to the Health of their abſent Miſtreſſes; till the good Cheer beginning to heat their Imagination, every one of them had a longing Deſire to divert himſelf either with his own Miſtreſs, or ſome other Body's: But as ſome Meaſures were to be kept, things could not be done juſt to their Fancy.

At laſt after having ſeveral times excommunicated their *rebellious Members*, which gave them ſo much trouble, it was reſolv'd between the Fathers *de la Rue*, *Bourdalou*, and *le Comte*, to ſend for the greateſt Bawd in *Paris*, with whom they were very well acquainted, and who was very much their Friend. Mother *Quinette*, who was very greedy of Money, came immediately to the Convent, to theſe good Fathers, who promiſed her whatever ſhe pleaſed, provided ſhe would ſend them ſtore of *pretty Wenches*, diſguis'd like Novices. The old Bawd, finding the Neceſſity of theſe Fathers, who had acquainted her with their Sufferings, ran, in all haſte, to gather together

together all the *Punks* ſhe cou'd pick up, without troubling her Head whether they were *Pox'd* or not, thinking that even the moſt *rotten Strumpets* were good enough for *hungry Jeſuits*, that were quite ravenous after venereal Pleaſures.

Amongſt the reſt, there was one *Mary Binot*, as beautiful as an Angel, and admirably ſhap'd, but *pepper'd off with the Pox* to the Fingers Ends: This ſecond *Pandora*, with ſeveral other *rampant Sluts*, were ſent, diſguis'd according to Order, to ſport with the *Jeſuits*, with whom they ſpent the Night. Every one ſtrove eagerly who ſhould be the firſt to embrace the charming *Binot*, who *pepper'd* off the Fathers *de la Rue*, *du Trone*, and *Petit* in particular, with a *rank Pox*, of which the poor *Jeſuits* thought they ſhould have died ſome time after.

The Feaſt of *Venus* being over, the Novices were ſent away with their Hire; and all Parties were very well ſatisfy'd, the *Jeſuits* imagining they had met with extraordinary good Fortune. For ſome Days there was no Commendation ſo extravagant but what they beſtow'd them upon *Mary Binot*'s Charms, who, by the bye, was at the ſame time kept by two or three other Convents for their Recreation: But when they began to complain of *Needles* and *Pins*, every one of them wiſh'd her a thouſand times at the Devil.

They threaten'd, however, to break at leaſt every Bone in her Skin, whenever they could find her, as well as the old *Bawd*'s who had ſent her;

but, after having ſufficiently vented themſelves in Curſes upon them both, and upon all the *Whores* in *Paris*, all they could do was to apply themſelves quickly to a Chirurgeon, nam'd *le Roux*, who, being a Man of great Skill in that Diſtemper, what by *Pills*, *Boluſſes*, and the *Powdering Tub*, made a compleat Cure of them, at leaſt in Appearance, without ſending them into *Sweden*.

N. B. In *Sweden* they *geld* all the *Prieſts* they catch, if they are not in the Service of an Embaſſador.

F I N I S.